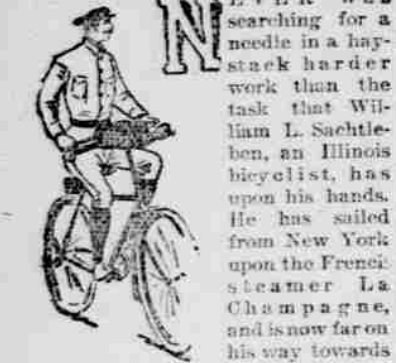


## LOOKING FOR LENZ

William Sachtleben to Seek for the Lost Bicyclist.

In Wilds of Armenia—Plans of the Explorer Who Hopes to Solve the Question of the Fate of the Missing Wheelman.

(Copyright, 1895.)



THE WILDS OF ARMENIA. Sachtleben has gone in search of a brother wheelman, Frank G. Lenz, who disappeared from the earth about a year ago, within sight of Mount Ararat. Lenz was on a tour around the world on his bicycle and had completed about seven-eighths of his long journey.

The last that was heard from him was a letter dated May 3, 1894, from Tabriz, a small town in Persia near the Caspian sea. He cabled a draft there and sent it to the Outing Magazine, of New York, for which he was making the tour, an account of his most recent travels. In this letter, which is the last ever received from the missing man, Lenz stated that he was on his way to Erzeroum, in Turkey.



FRANK G. LENZ, (the missing wheelman.)

Without serious injury before he reached Armenia. He left New York June 4, 1892. He was not the first man to go around the world on a bicycle, but the first to do so from east to west. All those who preceded him went in the opposite direction.

Lenz crossed America without much that was unusual, and reached San Francisco in October. An incident in this first part of the trip illustrates his character and shows the reckless nature which has probably cost him his life. He was accompanied by another bicyclist named Robert Bruce, who traveled as far as Minneapolis with him.

At one part of their trip they reached a Northern Pacific railroad bridge which spanned a lake. Lenz did not want to delay long enough to go around and thus add three or four miles to his long journey. He decided to ride across the bridge along the narrow board at the side, without any hand-rail, which was intended for employees of the road only. Bruce declared he would not risk it and rode around the lake.

Lenz started across the bridge, but before he could reach the other side he was overtaken by a train. The bridge was a narrow affair, built for only one track, and there was no room for him to stand on one side and let the engine go by. Sitting down on the edge of the bridge he swung his bicycle over the rushing waters below and waited on the tips of the sleepers until the train rolled by, not three feet from his head. Then he remounted his wheel and proceeded over the bridge in safety.

It was this reckless nature that got him into trouble again and again. He was the first man who had ever crossed northern China on a wheel, and the uncivilized natives in that section of the Flowery Kingdom did not take kindly to his intrusion. Again and again he was chased by angry Celestials, but his swift-flying wheel soon carried him out of trouble. In one instance he tried to ride over one of the foot bridges that cross the small streams in China, with a pack of angry farmers at his heels, vowing vengeance for some alleged damage to their fields. The bridge gave way under him and he was thrown into the water, to be met on the bank and well beaten when he waded out and fixed up his wheel before proceeding.

Lenz crossed in a Pacific mail steamer from San Francisco to Japan, and then wheeled across the Japanese empire on his bicycle. From Japan he crossed to northern China, and then began the most dangerous part of his journey. This was during the winter which followed his start, and Lenz suffered much from exposure. The roads were impassable for his wheel and he had to hire native carriers to get the bicycle over the hills. In one place in northern China he was delayed for some time by the snow and he lived there with the natives in true Mongolian style, eating rice out of a bowl with chopsticks just as if he were a burr Celestial.

Lenz was very ingenious and devised many ways to get out of his difficulties when he did get into trouble. One of his clever schemes was an attachment for the camera he took along with him, so that he could photograph himself. He had a shutter arranged with a clock mechanism so that he could use

before the camera after it had been set, have it take his picture, and then send back proofs to America. The accompanying pictures are from photographs the traveler took of himself in many different parts of the world.

From China the daring wheelman next went over into Burma, and wheeled across to India and through the famous British provinces, pedaling his bicycle along "the road to Mandalay," made famous by Rudyard Kipling's ballad. From India he crossed up into the domain of the czar, then to Persia. The Persians were not so hard to get along with as had been the inhabitants of northern China, but Lenz had many narrow escapes there, too.

From Persia to Armenia he wheeled his way, and there he disappeared just after crossing the border as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. Some of his friends believe that he changed his route suddenly after leaving Bayazid and headed up in the domain of the czar. But if this were so, he should have been heard from long ere this.

is the danger of attack from wild beasts, too, to be reckoned with.

Sachtleben made a trip around the world on a bicycle a few years ago, and he went through this same Armenian country, but he was accompanied by a number of native guides and was not molested. All agree that Lenz was most foolhardy. These Kurds are all hostile to foreigners and almost entirely out of reach of the Turkish law. They particularly dislike Americans.

It is in this part of the country that the worst of the outrages on the Armenians were committed last year, and the government has been unwilling or unable to punish the Kurds for this, as yet, much less for any minor offenses. A foreign commission formed to investigate the Armenian outrages has been held up on the borders, and has found wonderful trouble in getting any evidence of the crimes committed. There are several newspaper correspondents with this commission, and when they go into the interior to secure further evidence, as they will do when the weather moderates, they will keep a sharp lookout for news of Lenz. One in particular has been asked to make what search he can by the American minister to Constantinople.

Lenz is a daring man by nature, and he took many wild chances from which he was fortunate in coming through



KAC BIN CAMP AT BHANO, BURMA.

without serious injury before he reached Armenia. He left New York June 4, 1892. He was not the first man to go around the world on a bicycle, but the first to do so from east to west. All those who preceded him went in the opposite direction.

Lenz crossed America without much that was unusual, and reached San Francisco in October. An incident in this first part of the trip illustrates his character and shows the reckless nature which has probably cost him his life. He was accompanied by another bicyclist named Robert Bruce, who traveled as far as Minneapolis with him.

At one part of their trip they reached a Northern Pacific railroad bridge which spanned a lake. Lenz did not want to delay long enough to go around and thus add three or four miles to his long journey. He decided to ride across the bridge along the narrow board at the side, without any hand-rail, which was intended for employees of the road only. Bruce declared he would not risk it and rode around the lake.

Lenz started across the bridge, but before he could reach the other side he was overtaken by a train. The bridge was a narrow affair, built for only one



TEN MINUTES FOR REPRESENTATIONS IN BURMA.

track, and there was no room for him to stand on one side and let the engine go by. Sitting down on the edge of the bridge he swung his bicycle over the rushing waters below and waited on the tips of the sleepers until the train rolled by, not three feet from his head. Then he remounted his wheel and proceeded over the bridge in safety.

It was this reckless nature that got him into trouble again and again. He was the first man who had ever crossed northern China on a wheel, and the uncivilized natives in that section of the Flowery Kingdom did not take kindly to his intrusion. Again and again he was chased by angry Celestials, but his swift-flying wheel soon carried him out of trouble. In one instance he tried to ride over one of the foot bridges that cross the small streams in China, with a pack of angry farmers at his heels, vowing vengeance for some alleged damage to their fields. The bridge gave way under him and he was thrown into the water, to be met on the bank and well beaten when he waded out and fixed up his wheel before proceeding.

Lenz crossed in a Pacific mail steamer from San Francisco to Japan, and then wheeled across the Japanese empire on his bicycle. From Japan he crossed to northern China, and then began the most dangerous part of his journey. This was during the winter which followed his start, and Lenz suffered much from exposure. The roads were impassable for his wheel and he had to hire native carriers to get the bicycle over the hills. In one place in northern China he was delayed for some time by the snow and he lived there with the natives in true Mongolian style, eating rice out of a bowl with chopsticks just as if he were a burr Celestial.

Lenz was very ingenious and devised many ways to get out of his difficulties when he did get into trouble. One of his clever schemes was an attachment for the camera he took along with him, so that he could photograph himself. He had a shutter arranged with a clock mechanism so that he could use

before the camera after it had been set, have it take his picture, and then send back proofs to America. The accompanying pictures are from photographs the traveler took of himself in many different parts of the world.

From China the daring wheelman next went over into Burma, and wheeled across to India and through the famous British provinces, pedaling his bicycle along "the road to Mandalay," made famous by Rudyard Kipling's ballad. From India he crossed up into the domain of the czar, then to Persia. The Persians were not so hard to get along with as had been the inhabitants of northern China, but Lenz had many narrow escapes there, too.

From Persia to Armenia he wheeled his way, and there he disappeared just after crossing the border as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. Some of his friends believe that he changed his route suddenly after leaving Bayazid and headed up in the domain of the czar. But if this were so, he should have been heard from long ere this.

Sachtleben holds the key to the situation. He is a most courageous as well as a most capable traveler, and if Lenz can be found he will find him. Sachtleben has reached Constantinople by this time, and will enter Armenia almost immediately. He will probably

have to await open weather at Erzeroum, but his weeks of waiting will not be lost, for careful inquiries will be made there for the missing man. As soon as the weather moderates enough to make the trip possible Sachtleben, with his guides, will start into the Deilaba pass, where Lenz was last heard from.

While waiting for open weather Sachtleben will try to influence the international commission on the Armenian atrocities, in search for the missing American, and he hopes to get them to consider Lenz's loss as one of the outrages they are sent to investigate.

Lenz is a Philadelphian by birth, though of German parentage. He had some animosity with his stepfather, with whom he lived in Pittsburgh, and decided to leave home. He took up bicycling as a pastime, and finally decided in 1890 to make a trip around the world on his wheel. He made an arrangement with Outing to report his travels and adventures in its columns, and up to the time of his last letter was supplying them with interesting accounts of his long and exciting journey.

Lenz was twenty-eight years of age last month if he lived to see his birthday. His mother, who lives in Pittsburgh still, is distressed over the

curious attendance of the local police commissary. The bailiffs only laughed at this, whereupon the lady went out to complain, as she said, to the police, and locked them in her flat. Shortly afterwards she returned with two policemen, and said: "Arrest those men. They have broken into my place." It was in vain that the poor wretches declared that they were honest brokers' men. Possibly their looks were suspicious. At all events, the policemen, while muttering something about "having heard that sort of thing before," marched them off to the police station. Arriving there they were soon released on production of evidence of their identity. The men contemplate an action for false imprisonment, but meanwhile they have to devise fresh means to secure an entry to the place from which they were so unceremoniously ejected.

The mayor of Medford, Mass., the town of old rum, has appointed two young ladies as weighers of coal, grain and straw. Of course this has made the chronic office holders of the male persuasion so mad that they cannot even enjoy getting drunk.

There was a little man, and he had a little soul," sings the poet Moore. Nevertheless, "little" is not synonymous with littleness. Great deeds have been done by little men, and not a few of earth's heroes have exclaimed with Dr. Watts—"he himself was only a little over five feet in height."

I must be measured by my soul; The mind's the standard of the man. But human nature is not judicial; It is biased by the eye. Perhaps there never was a little man who, no matter what greatness he had achieved, did not wish that he had been tall and stalwart. Napoleon was often irritated by the fact that he was "the little corporal." He could be guilty of little things; but that did not annoy him, for his moral sense was weak. A former president of the court of sessions, the first law office in Scotland, at the age of eighty confessed to a friend that the bane of his life had been the fact that he was of small stature. "But, thank God," said he, "I have got over it. A proof of this is that I can tell you of my unbecoming regret at being a little man." The president was four times married, and each of his wives was six feet high.—Youth's Companion.

A wandering gourmet. Meandering Mike (the tramp)—I am not really hungry, missus, but you will be pleased to sample anything you may have in the line of salads. I am traveling through the country getting a few points for a book I am writing on cookery.

The wife of a farmer—How do you travel? Meandering Mike—Well, mostly on foot, as it gives me a better chance to pick up things as I go along.—Truth.

"A BRIGHT HOME MAKES A MERRY HEART." JOY TRAVELS ALONG WITH

SAPOLIO

ing. There were severe penalties, she said, for taking possession without se-

disappearance of her son, and has written many letters to the government authorities and to the editor of Outing Magazine, urging on their search for him.

Sachtleben, too, is twenty-eight years of age. He is a native of Illinois and also of German parentage. He rode a bicycle around the world a few years ago in company with T. G. Allen, a fellow college graduate, and described his adventures in the Century Magazine.

He—Woman is decidedly the weaker vessel. She—But I notice man is the one who is always complaining about being broke.—Detroit News.

Two of a kind. "If I had your money, I know what I'd be." "What would you be?" "Just as mean as you are."—Kate Field's Washington.

WILD HEIFER CAUGHT.

She Charges a Skillful Man and Is Thrown Over a Cliff.

In Washington county, Maine, between New Stream and the East Machias river, the townsmen of Northfield and Whitteville have had considerable fun since October chasing a wild heifer, which strayed from Bartlett Albee's farm in Northfield some time last summer. She displayed all the alertness and sagacity of game animals in eluding capture. Dogs were put on her in November, but instead of circling as deer do when pursued by hounds, she put straight away like a caribou, to remain for weeks away from her accustomed localities.

Recently there was a heavy snowstorm in that part of the country, and report having come to Whitteville that the heifer, a shadow of her former self, had been sighted in the woods near the confluence of Old and New streams, which empty into the Machias east of Northfield, Thomas Hennessey and Jim Healey, accompanied by some boys, started out to capture her.

Hunger had driven the animal from the woods to the clearings, but nothing could induce her to come near a human being. When sighted, Hennessey and Healey gave chase on snowshoes, the deep snow making rapid progress for the heifer out of the question. She ran, however, till her pursuers were close on her quarters, when she suddenly, says the New York Sun, turned to give battle. Her bellows were terrific, and she looked so frightful when she turned that Hennessey and the boys gave way.

Healey was game. Two years ago a she bear is said to have treed him, and he has been the victim of more or less goring ever since. He is a powerful young fellow and knows how to handle cattle.

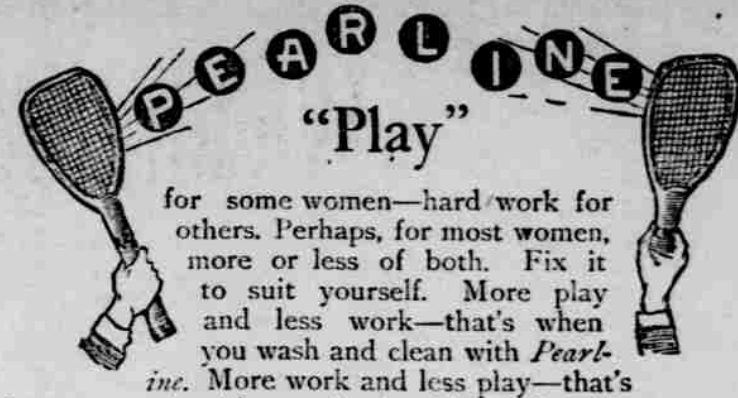
When the heifer turned he planted himself squarely in front of her. She hesitated, eyed him furiously for a moment and charged. When she lowered her head to give him the toss Healey grasped both of her horns, threw all the weight of his body on his left hand, bearing the heifer's head into the snow, at the same time pushing up and over on the left horn. It's a trick that has to be done on the instant, and when it is worked as Healey worked it down goes the animal, as did the heifer.

Healey held her head in the snow while Hennessey and the boys procured ropes with which to tie her legs together. This being done she was bundled into a sled and taken to Northfield, where she is now putting on fat and getting used to her earlier surroundings.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM. Her Clever Ruse to Get Rid of the Bailiffs Was Successful.

A novel method of getting rid of men in possession has been discovered by an impetuous lady living in the Rue Thiers in Paris. In an unguarded moment she opened the door to the men, who had been watching their opportunity for some days. Finding what she had done, she tried to frighten the men by making a parade of legal learn-

ing. There were severe penalties, she said, for taking possession without se-



for some women—hard work for others. Perhaps, for most women, more or less of both. Fix it to suit yourself. More play and less work—that's when you wash and clean with Pearl-line. More work and less play—that's when you wash with soap in the old back-breaking way.

Better work, too, with Pearl-line. Little or none of the rubbing that wears things out. It's something to think about, whether you do your own work, or have it done. Easier, quicker, better, cheaper—and absolutely safe. Facts about Pearl-line known by millions of women.

Beware of Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearl-line. IT'S FALSE!—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you some, it is not Pearl-line, do the honest thing—ask it back. 35 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A REPRIEVE OF TEN YEARS

An average man's life can easily be lengthened ten years by the occasional use of Ripan's Tablets. Do you know any one who wants those ten years?

Ripan's Tablets: Sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripan Chemical Company, No. 19 Spruce St., New York.

WICHITA HOSPITAL.



Admirably located. Thoroughly equipped for the care and treatment of all surgical, obstetrical and gynecological cases. Trained nurses constantly in charge, together with an eminent corps of physicians and surgeons. Private rooms from \$7 to \$12 per week.

For further information address MRS. M. M. WOODCOCK, Pres., 333 Riverview Ave., or MISS R. YOUNGER, Supt., 1021 S. Fourth Ave.

Hunger had driven the animal from the woods to the clearings, but nothing could induce her to come near a human being. When sighted, Hennessey and Healey gave chase on snowshoes, the deep snow making rapid progress for the heifer out of the question. She ran, however, till her pursuers were close on her quarters, when she suddenly, says the New York Sun, turned to give battle. Her bellows were terrific, and she looked so frightful when she turned that Hennessey and the boys gave way.

Healey was game. Two years ago a she bear is said to have treed him, and he has been the victim of more or less goring ever since. He is a powerful young fellow and knows how to handle cattle.

When the heifer turned he planted himself squarely in front of her. She hesitated, eyed him furiously for a moment and charged. When she lowered her head to give him the toss Healey grasped both of her horns, threw all the weight of his body on his left hand, bearing the heifer's head into the snow, at the same time pushing up and over on the left horn. It's a trick that has to be done on the instant, and when it is worked as Healey worked it down goes the animal, as did the heifer.

Healey held her head in the snow while Hennessey and the boys procured ropes with which to tie her legs together. This being done she was bundled into a sled and taken to Northfield, where she is now putting on fat and getting used to her earlier surroundings.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM. Her Clever Ruse to Get Rid of the Bailiffs Was Successful.

A novel method of getting rid of men in possession has been discovered by an impetuous lady living in the Rue Thiers in Paris. In an unguarded moment she opened the door to the men, who had been watching their opportunity for some days. Finding what she had done, she tried to frighten the men by making a parade of legal learn-

ing. There were severe penalties, she said, for taking possession without se-

disappearance of her son, and has written many letters to the government authorities and to the editor of Outing Magazine, urging on their search for him.

Sachtleben, too, is twenty-eight years of age. He is a native of Illinois and also of German parentage. He rode a bicycle around the world a few years ago in company with T. G. Allen, a fellow college graduate, and described his adventures in the Century Magazine.

He—Woman is decidedly the weaker vessel. She—But I notice man is the one who is always complaining about being broke.—Detroit News.

Two of a kind. "If I had your money, I know what I'd be." "What would you be?" "Just as mean as you are."—Kate Field's Washington.

WILD HEIFER CAUGHT.

She Charges a Skillful Man and Is Thrown Over a Cliff.

In Washington county, Maine, between New Stream and the East Machias river, the townsmen of Northfield and Whitteville have had considerable fun since October chasing a wild heifer, which strayed from Bartlett Albee's farm in Northfield some time last summer. She displayed all the alertness and sagacity of game animals in eluding capture. Dogs were put on her in November, but instead of circling as deer do when pursued by hounds, she put straight away like a caribou, to remain for weeks away from her accustomed localities.

Recently there was a heavy snowstorm in that part of the country, and report having come to Whitteville that the heifer, a shadow of her former self, had been sighted in the woods near the confluence of Old and New streams, which empty into the Machias east of Northfield, Thomas Hennessey and Jim Healey, accompanied by some boys, started out to capture her.

Hunger had driven the animal from the woods to the clearings, but nothing could induce her to come near a human being. When sighted, Hennessey and Healey gave chase on snowshoes, the deep snow making rapid progress for the heifer out of the question. She ran, however, till her pursuers were close on her quarters, when she suddenly, says the New York Sun, turned to give battle. Her bellows were terrific, and she looked so frightful when she turned that Hennessey and the boys gave way.

Healey was game. Two years ago a she bear is said to have treed him, and he has been the victim of more or less goring ever since. He is a powerful young fellow and knows how to handle cattle.

When the heifer turned he planted himself squarely in front of her. She hesitated, eyed him furiously for a moment and charged. When she lowered her head to give him the toss Healey grasped both of her horns, threw all the weight of his body on his left hand, bearing the heifer's head into the snow, at the same time pushing up and over on the left horn. It's a trick that has to be done on the instant, and when it is worked as Healey worked it down goes the animal, as did the heifer.

## THE PEOPLE'S WANT COLUMNS.

YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED

By an Ad in These Columns, for which You Pay

30 PER LINE PER DAY.

The Want Columns of the Daily Eagle sell you where it pays to advertise. If you have anything to sell, still, TRADE OR RENT, try these columns. PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. No advertisements taken for less than 10 cents.

One line advertisements charged same rate as two lines. Prices given under classified heads in this column applicable only to local advertisements. No foreign advertisements taken at above rate.

Answers to former advertisements should give description and day of insertion or copy of the advertisement should be sent. Not responsible for advertisements given or discontinued by telephone. Classified advertisements will be 5 cents per line each insertion, over seven words to line, space measurement.

WANTED—A good girl to do general housework. None except a competent girl need apply. 60 North Fourth Ave. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 517 N. Lawrence. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

## THE PEOPLE'S WANT COLUMNS.

YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED

By an Ad in These Columns, for which You Pay

30 PER LINE PER DAY.

The Want Columns of the Daily Eagle sell you where it pays to advertise. If you have anything to sell, still, TRADE OR RENT, try these columns. PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. No advertisements taken for less than 10 cents.

One line advertisements charged same rate as two lines. Prices given under classified heads in this column applicable only to local advertisements. No foreign advertisements taken at above rate.

Answers to former advertisements should give description and day of insertion or copy of the advertisement should be sent. Not responsible for advertisements given or discontinued by telephone. Classified advertisements will be 5 cents per line each insertion, over seven words to line, space measurement.

WANTED—A good girl to do general housework. None except a competent girl need apply. 60 North Fourth Ave. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 517 N. Lawrence. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. References required. 215 N. Emporia. d12-14.